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THE
CAUSIDICADE.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comic-Dramatical

POEM.

ON THE

STRANGE *Resignation*, and Stranger-*Promotion*.

Difficile est vulpi Sociam decipere vulpem.

Tib.

—————*Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat? —————

Hor.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS. *k*

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster Row*, 1743.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Devouring Bears
Hungry Wolves
Cheating Foxes
Biting Badgers
Sucking Hedgehogs
Thieving Weasels
Gnawing Rats

} Beasts, Birds, and Vermin of Prey.

Ravenous Vulturs.
Voracious Kites.
Gripping Hawks.
Greedy Rooks
Gobling Jack-Daws.
Chattering Magpies

Basilisks
Cockatrices
Serpents
Snakes
Adders
Spiders.

} Poisonous Vermin.

SCENE, a large spacious *Salon*, decorated with *Gallic* and *Istheric* Spoils.

Fools, Bubbles, and other Waiters and Attendants passing and repassing.

T H E

CAUSIDICADE.

THE *Inquisitor Gen'ral* resigning his Place,
 As, wisely, foreseeing approaching Disgrace;
 Or to cross his proud Rival, and so raise his *Brother*,
 In Fee with the *Seals*, —or for some Cause or other,
 Oblig'd from his Post to advance or retreat,
 He chus'd e'n the last, for merely the State
 And Parade of Appearance, in speaking the second;
 In his Cap a mere Feather, as most People reckon'd.
 Thus a Captain of Horse his Commission gives up
 To be only the Dexter-Hand Man of the Troop.

Lo, the President fate! the Son of Good-Luck,
 Whom Fortune wrapt early up close in her Smock.

• + *Shange**Lord Chancellor*

A Nosegay, compos'd of the Flow'rs of the Fields,
 And eke of the Gardens, he daintily wields :
 Whilst one of his Lilly-white Hands he employs
 To play with his Nostrils this finest of Toys,
 His Brains to regale, and his Judgment restore,
 With the other he stroaks down his Wig all before :
 So handsome he look'd, thus equipt, on the Bench,
 You'd have sworn 'twas Lord *Fanny*, or some pretty Wench.
 He open'd the Cause why they met, with a Voice
 So wond'rously sweet and peculiarly choice,
 That, charming himself, he quite charm'd all the Bar ;
 The Croud will admire what's above them and stare.
 The *Congé d'elire* for the Purpose he read,
 But the D-v-l a Word of mock Prayers was said,
 Like a *Dean* and his *Chapter* in Case of a Bishop,
 But each was permitted to set his own Wish-up ;
 For the Man, he declar'd, whose Pretensions were best,
 Shou'd enjoy the *Inquisitor's Office* and Vest ;

And,

And, not to discourage th' Unlearn'd or the Dunce,
He said he'd been honour'd himself with them once.

In a Croud indistinct each Candidate-Brawler,
From the *Zenith* of *Battle* to the *Nadir* of *Waller*,
Made out his Pretensions; Quo' the last, hear my Claim,
Tho' I know not much Law, yet I know how to game.
In the Year *One-and-twenty*, I set up a Bubble,
Which tho' it had like to have cost me some Trouble,
Yet howe'er, with good Cunning I clearly got off,
By the Help of the Statute, and now I stand Buff.
To shew you, however, I am not a Novice,
And the Bent of my Genius falls in with this Office,
I battled Sir *H—mpbrey*, and got him indicted,
And then to the Fleet as a Pris'ner committed.
' Who's that? quo' my Lord, I ne'er saw him before,'
(He opens a Cause now and then and no more,
Charles Waller his Name, the Register said,
A Great *Mine Advent'rer*, in Copper and Lead)

' Tho'

- ‘ Tho’ all you’ve advanc’d, Sir, perhaps may be true,
- ‘ Yet they are not the Qualifications will do ;
- ‘ It becomes ill a Counfel to make Affidavit ;
- ‘ With a Gown and Affurance to strut thus and brave it,
- ‘ Gives you little Pretence to fucceed in your Din,
- ‘ An Afs is no Lyon for wearing his Skin.
- ‘ Besides, you’re mistaken, I doubt, in the Bar,
- ‘ Where your Father stood Tryal, you’re fitter by far.’

Pert *L——y* push’d on; See, my Lord, here I come,
 Above all *Nisi-prius* Men much the best Drum ;
 I can talk, cros-examine, and bluster and rattle,
 Confound and clear up, and Tittle and Tattle :
 A very good Lawyer, as Lawyers now go,
 I’m fure this great Office on me you’ll bestow.

- ‘ I’m fure you’re mistaken, his Lordship replied,
- ‘ I find you’re no Conj’rer, nor *Prophet* beside.
- ‘ Think you ev’ry conceited, pragmatical Fellow
- ‘ Is to make his Pretensions, because he can bellow ?

‘ Whose

‘ Whose Sire was a Seer, and a Saint full of Grace,
 ‘ Might, methinks, have foreseen and forestall’d this Disgrace.’

Then *Ch-ute* and *Luke Robinson* enter’d the Lift,
 An adventurous Pair, as true as e’er pist !
Eury’lus and *Nisus* t’ each other ne’er were,
 Nor *Orestes* and *Pylades*, truly so dear.
 Quo *Ch-te*, tho’ I might to this Office pretend,
 Yet I’d rather your Lordship would give it my Friend.
 He and I stood for Members, when Cash we had none,
 And both our Estates scarce sufficient for one.
 The Man has some Merit, tho’ few can believe it,
 Look thro’ a Microscope, then you’ll perceive it.
 Not so, cries the gen’rous *Luke*, standing out,
 Have Regard, I beseech you, to Merit and *Ch--te* ;
 Well vers’d in the Law Books, and, tho’ he can’t cite
 A Case at a Pinch, he can make one out-right.
 I own, it is true, at the very same Rate
 I set up for Member without an Estate ;

Without

Without Law I might ask, what by Merit is *Frank's*.
 Give it him, my good Lord, you'll have *R-b--f-n's* Thanks.
 ' It is, quo the Prefident, pity, I swear,
 ' That I cannot oblige now so peerless a Pair,
 ' Whose gen'rous Contention to favour each other,
 ' Proves giving to one, wou'd be giving his Brother.
 ' But to the Regret of you both, and to all
 ' Who know of your Merit in *W-m---r H-ll*,
 ' You must deprecate first the irascible Wrath
 ' Of that steady great Patriot, my good Lord of *B--h*.

As next in Pretence, up starts Mr. *Noel*;
 Me your Lordship, quo he, does certainly know-well.
 If a Gentleman born, and Descent of high Blood,
 And Knowledge of Law, which I think pretty good;
 If oft being mention'd in all the News Papers,
 At ev'ry Promotion, as one of the Gapers,
 Can intitle a Man to the Place in Dispute,
 I presume that with Justice I can't be left out.

' Your

' Your Gentility, Blood, (says my Lord) nor your Skill,
 ' Nor for good Preferment the Lust of your Will,
 ' I call not in Doubt, but I pray you go home,
 ' For this Time, at least, as your Hour is not come.'

Then *Paup^{er}ort* stood up with his long rueful Face,
 And was like to have cry'd, when he ask'd for the Place.
 A puritan Saint, in Appearance he seem'd,
 Whilst Grace and the Gospel all over him gleam'd!
 It is now, I believe, near a dozen Years since
 (Quo' he) I first serv'd, as a *Lawyer*, the *Prince*.
 In this Quality still I am left and forgot,
 To stick like a Post at a Corner and rot;
 Too long have I watch'd at *Bethesda's* old Pool,
 Whilst others get in, and at once are made whole.
 The Cloak and the Band, it is very well known,
 I've, like *Rider*, declin'd for the Sake of this Gown:

B

But

But he's been above me preferr'd long ago,
 And e'en my Colleague, Goody *Fartescue* too,
 And five or six more, but what mostly I grudge,
 Is that the contemptible *A-b-n-e-y*'s a J—e;
 Besides the Dunce *Parker*, at last made *Ch-c-i-f B-a-r-o-n*,
 Your Fav'rite, my Lord; indeed a most rare one!
 A Name once detested in the Eye of the Law,
 But your Lordship is grateful——no more——Hem——Haw.
 The Scripture—— 'The Scripture declares of our Side,'
 (His Lordship, confoundedly nettled, reply'd)
 ' That an Ass spoke aloud in articulate Voice :
 ' Wou'd you preach t'us or pray? you've made a wrong Choice.
 ' This unrighteous Profession I'd have you foregoe,
 ' And preach in the Cloak, Lamentations and Woe ;
 ' Or th' Obedience of Wives to their Husbands always,
 ' On Pain of b'ing Horfewhipp'd, and *lick'd without Stays*.

If that be the Case, cries out *Ow-n*, my Lord,
I humbly beseech you to spare me a Word.

As solemn grave Looks, and a queer Kind of Face,
 And a cold holy Tone, are unlikely to pass,
 How the Devil can I ever hope to succeed?

- ‘ You describe yourself well, Mr. *Owen* indeed:
- ‘ But be pleas’d to observe (my Lord President spoke)
- ‘ We count on a Head, not a Face or a Look.
- ‘ And as to a Head for the Law, your Pretence
- ‘ Indeed is but little, as little’s your Sense;
- ‘ You’d better continue at th’ Head of your Queer-ones;
- ‘ You’ve enough for an *Elder* among Presbyterians.’

Bold, self-sufficient, and puff’d to the Height
 Of proud Affectation and aukward Conceit,
 Up-rose Mr. *Ford*, Eighteen ’gainst a Dozen
 I’ll wager, quo’ he, That I’m the Man chosen:

For as to my Head, all my Brethren well know,
 'Tis brim-ful of Law and of Arguments too;
In Witness whereof, Lo! the Pleadings I give,
 They'll stand whilst old Law and good Argument live;
 The like were ne'er heard since the Days of old *Holt*.

' Soon shot, says the Proverb, is *somebody's* Bolt
 (Quo' the President gravely, by Way of Reply)
 ' There's a Dearth of good L-wy-rs no Man can deny,
 ' When *Ford's* Affectations are taken for Law,
 ' E're you boast of your Pleadings, pray first learn to draw.'

Now that *Drawing* you mention, *with humble Submission*,
 Bellows *Hofkins* aloud, 'Tis my piteous Condition:
 For many long Years have I drudg'd in that Way,
 Where great is the Labour, but little the Pay:
 Unthank'd by our Clients, and never encourag'd,
 By our Brethren well-lash'd, and by Courts e'er disparag'd;

On

On all Sides ill-us'd, never gaining Applause,
 Altho' we're the Founders of every Cause.

To reward then my Toil, and to ease my hard Case,
 It wou'd be most kind if you'd give me the Place.

' All this, my Lord answer'd, I doubt, is too true,

' But the Place, I'm afraid, is too ard'ous for you.

' A Draughtsman is useful I needs must allow,

' And perhaps may have rational Faculties too.

' 'Twould be acting a Farce quite out of the Way,

' T'equip with a Saddle an Horse for the Dray.'

Next *Wilbraham* attempted, but cou'd not apply,
 As if he conceiv'd the Promotion too high;
 Of Success very diffident, fain had withdrawn,
 Till his Lordship, t' encourage him, bid him go on.
 Such Parts, such Endowments, and Skill in the Laws,
 As, my Lord, I'm possess'd of, scarce merit Applause:

But

But if this high Office shou'd fall to my Share,
My Defect in the Laws I'll supply by my Care.

- ' Sir, answer'd Lord President, as to your Merit,
- ' 'Tis too-well establish'd and known you should fear it;
- ' But there's an Objection, I own, of the oddest,
- ' Which stands in your Way—you're really too modest.
- ' It requires an Assurance, and one who can push-on,
- ' As witness the Wight who was last in Possession.

Then *Wally*, fam'd Chief of the *Gazetteer* Legions,
Who writ with *The. Cibber* t' amuse Country Gudgeons;
If Merit is measur'd, quo' th' Author, by Brass,
Pray how was your Lordship prefer'd to the Place?
But since 'tis so useful, it serves my Design,
Lo! I've given an Instance the Prize must be mine.

- ' Your Claim in that Point, quo' my Lord, I must own;
- ' For sure in Assurance you're first of the Gown.

' It

' It wou'd be a *Miracle* shou'd you succeed,
 ' As even your good Client *Woolst-on* might heed ;
 But the Gown and the Band no more make the Lawyer,
 As I've hinted before, than the Buskin the Player.

Very right, quo' *Tom Battle*, no more than an Ape
 Can make out a Judge, for the Furr and the Cap.
 Some very odd Tricks, very lately, were play'd,
 I can't yet forget the last Chief that was made :
 That with my *Chancellor's* Place, were, forfooth !
 For me deem'd too much, tho' too little in Truth.
 And as to the Prize in Contention, d'ye see,
 The Resigner has made it unworthy of me ;
 'Tis the Post that wants Me, not I want the Post,
 By your under-hand Dealings *T—m B—tle* you've lost :
 Besides, who e'er has it must act by Directions,
 Like *Lechmere* I scorn to be curb'd in my Actions.

Here

Here happen'd a Pause, then a Murmur ensu'd,
 His Lordship look veil'd like the Sun in a Cloud,
 When Silence was broke by good Co-nc-llor *Ll-ay-d.*
 King's *Counſel* I am, and of Merit not void,
 I ſtand, as it were, next Oars in my Title,
 Befides my Pretenſions by Blood's not a little:
 From the brave antient *Britons* my Lineage is ſprung,
 The Roll of my Pedigree's fifty Yards long!
 The firſt of my Anceſtors held this ſame Place,
 In the Reign of King *Lucius*, the firſt King of *Græce.*
 ' Not Merit of Anceſtry here will ſuffice,
 ' Quo' my Lord, nor the Length of your Roll or Device;
 ' Tho' oft in the Papers Preferment you get,
 ' His Maſteſty hardly has heard of you yet.'

His Claim, as firſt Oars, *Broth*, flatly deny'd,
 And ſaid, when he'd clear'd up the Caſe on that Side,

Tho'

Tho' perhaps as to Law he may carry the Bell,

In Equity I, my Lord, surely excel.

'Tis known we've had ONE in this Office before,

Who ne'er read a Book of the C-mm-n Law o'er ;

And tho' at the Head of a Court none look'd bigger

As *Inqu'siter* only, he made a queer Figure :

Nay, an old Law Record in Court-hand cou'd not read,

(Peace and Rest to his Soul, for now he is dead)

And therefore he'd often been put to a Stand,

Had *Fazakerly* drudg'd not, and lent him a Hand.

There's a President now !---Quo my Lord, ' Mr. *Brown*,

' Speak well of the Dead, is a Proverb well known.

' One Swallow a Summer, 'tis said, never makes,

' So one single Case, howe'er pat, seldom takes.

' Think well how you stand, you're a Fav'rite with All

' The Practicers here, both the Great and the Small :

' You did them much Service, you stood in the Gap,

' They only by you Transportation escape ;

' Whilst all the Law-Members had dropt them but you,
 ' They've been grateful, and brought you to Practice, 'tis true,
 ' And still will do more ; remain where you are,
 ' Your Gains will be greater, and lesser your Care.'

In the Front of the Crowd then appear'd Mr. Gandy,
 To this Office, quo he, my Pretences are sundry,
Imprimis my Merit, e'en great as t' attract
 His Majesty's Notice, so nice and exact
 As lately to call me th' Inside of the Bar,
 From among the Rear-guard, poor Souls ! how they stare ?
 Which is plain that he meant me some further Preferment,
 More worthy my Learning, my Parts and Discernment,
 More Claims I might urge, but this I insist-on
 Is sufficient to merit the Office in Question.
 Then the President thus, ' You're too full of Surmizes,
 ' The Man who is stiff, like an Oak, seldom rises,

As

- ' As witness ~~T-am B-attle~~; but he who can bend,
 ' Like a Reed, or ~~T-am Parker~~, ne'er wants a good Friend.
 ' To rise you must fall, 'tis the Way thro' the Doors
 ' Now a-days of Preferment, to creep on all Fours.'

Up ~~Kerleby~~ starts with an horrible Stare!

Behold, my good Lord, your old Friend at the Bar,
 Or rather old Foe, for Foes we have been,
 As Treason fell out, and poor Traitors fell in.
 Strong Opposites e'er! and not once of a Side,
 Attornies will always great Counsel divide.
 You *for* Persecutions, I always *against*,
 How oft with a Joke 'gainst your Law have I fenc'd?
 How oft in your Pleadings I've pick'd out a Hole,
 Through which from your Pounces my *Culprit* I've stole?
 I've puzzled against you now Eight Years or Nine,
 You, my Lord, for your *King*, I ~~A-ble~~ for mine.

C 2
But

But what is all this ? now your Lordship will say,
 To get at the Office this is not the Way.
 I own it is not, so I make no Request
 For myself, still firm to my Party and Test :
 But if 'tis your Pleasure to give it my Son,
 He shall take off his Coif t' accept of the Boon,
 That Coif I, refusing, transfer'd upon him,
 For who'd be a *Sergeant* where *Parker* was Prime ?
 That my Son is a *Lawyer* no one can 'gain say,
 As witness his getting off *Waite* t' other Day.
 Quo my Lord, ' My Friend *Abel*, I needs must allow,
 ' You have puzzled me oft, as indeed you do now :
 ' Nay, have puzzl'd yourself, the Court and the Law,
 ' And chuckl'd most wittily over a Flaw :
 ' For your *Nostrums*, *Enigma's*, *Conundrums* and *Puns*
 ' Are above Comprehension, save that of your Son's.
 ' To fling off the Coif!--oh fye ! my Friend *Abel*,
 ' 'Twould be acting the Part of the Cock in the Fable !

'Tis

- ' 'Tis a Badge of Distinction! and some People buy it ;
- ' Can you doubt on't when *Skinner* and *Hayward* enjoy it?
- ' Tho' I own you have spoil'd (but I will not enlarge on't)
- ' A good Chancery Draughtsman to make a bad Serj~~ea~~-t.

When strait a weak Voice was heard, crying out,
 Like some poor old Woman's pent up in a Butt.
 All took it for granted 'twas ~~Chief~~ Justice *Will*,
 But who shou'd it be, but my good Master ~~M~~*Will*?
 Here I have been waiting, quo he, near an Hour,
 To put my Demand in, but cou'd not before:
 Too modest, my Lord, in the Croud I've been lost,
 (But I hope not, like *Wilbr^{cha}-m*, to miss of the Post)
 You know my Ability and my Pretence ;
 I've been great among all the great Counsel of Sense,
 I've answer'd for each when they chanc'd to be gone
 To p--fs or drink Tea, as the Motion came on.

My

My Snuff-box has e'er been in common, you know,
 For your Lordship has frequently dipt in't e're now,
 ' Very right, old Acquaintance, and C---nsellor learn'd,
 ' Their Notice, like *Stump*, you have usefully earn'd;
 ' He opes their Coach Doors, just as you do your Box,
 ' Like you he accosts them, and like you he talks.
 ' I have heard your Friend *Mead* say it often, and true,
 ' So impertient none, nor so useful, as you ;
 ' Not your Modesty makes you of th' Office fall short,
 ' But that you are really too impudent for't.

Then a Bustle ensu'd, with a Call of my Lord,
 In the Midst of the Crowd, pray hear *Robin Oxlord*;
 The Crier cry'd Room for the 'Squire in the *North*,
 The Crowd made an Opening, and, lo ! he comes forth,
 With a wide-spreading, flat, orbicular Phiz,
 As large as the Moon in its Fulness of Size !

And.

And a Head of a wond'rous Protub'rance behind,

By that Planet affected and th' Easterly Wind.

My —my—Pretensions, my—my Right to this Post,

Is—(*where the De'el is my Speech?*)--by Gad it is lost.

But —(*searching his Pockets*)—you know well my Right

Son-and-Heir t'an Attorney, Son-in-Law to a Knight,

'Tis hard, if, betwixt them, I shou'd not be fit.

' Not so hard, quo the President, neither, 'tis plain

' On the Block that is knotty the Chizel's in vain,

' And is't not by daily Experience found,

' 'Twixt a Couple of Stools *something* falls to the Ground ;

' From your old Brace of Fathers no Merit you draw,

' Tho' one was a kind of a Sage in the Law ;

' But to mention the other, indeed ! you ought not,

' His *fun'ral Procession* will ne'r be forgot.'

Next *Orpbel*, approaching, put in for the Spoil ;

From the Highlands descended, and th' House of *Argyll*,

To

To Parliament sent, in Pursuance of th' Union,
 To maintain 'gainst Sir *Robert* the People's Opinion.
 My Post being vacant, I put in at once-for't,
 Tho' I'm really asham'd to be under Dame *P--f--t*;
 As under the *Prince* I now hold the same Thing,
 As, what I'm contending for, under the *King*,
 I think I'm intitled ; my Right then pronounce,
 When to *Campbell* you give it—you give it no Duncie.
 To be skill'd in the *Roman* and old *Scottish* Laws,
 And of late in the *English* add Weight to my Cause.
 ' Notwithstanding you look so wond'rously big,
 ' The Length of your Visage and eke of your Wig !
 ' I must own, quo Lord President, to you sincerely,
 ' The Preferment you have is rather too early :
 ' And therefore until your Pretensions are stronger,
 ' You must drudge, with your Partner, still on somewhat longer :
 ' For Spite of your Knowledge, your Country and Clan,
 ' And your Seat in the Ch--pp-l, you are not the Man.'

Then

Then ~~Clarke~~ *ke*, who sat snug all this while in his Place,
 Rose up and put forward his Ebony Face.
 I have Reason, quo he, now to take it amiss,
 That your Lordship ha'n't call'd to me long before this.
 Is the old Civil Law, on which I would build,
 Is in so much Neglect and Indifference held,
 Let your C-mm-n Law Dunces go on and apply,
 Quoting Chapter and Sect, insipidly dry!
 A Student of moderate Parts and Discerning,
 With intense Application, may master such Learning:
 But I, as a Genius, the Office demand,
 That Office my Qualifications command!
 ' Who contemns C-mm-n Law, quo my Lord, there are few,
 ' But such who are ignorant of it, like you;
 ' Very little's the Use of your Law of the Romans,
 ' Save Abroad, or in Scotland, or our Doctors C-mm-ns;
 ' By whatever Person this Office is fill'd,
 ' In C-mm-n Law Learning he must be well skill'd.'

D

Said

Said *Hamalton* nettled, Be't so then, my Lord;
 But with me you must surely in one Thing accord:
 The Man who presides in fair Equity's Seat,
 Unread in Law Civil, can ne'er be compleat:
 One only excepted, for all must concede,
 He was born to preside, so 'twas needless to read.
 However, I stand for the Post, I must own,
 And insist on the President quoted by *B^{low}n*.

' How now! quo my Lord, may a Bagpipe ne'er charm me,
 ' If our Courts ben't as full of the *Scots* as the Army.
 ' Erst while here they've liv'd contented with Pensions,
 ' But now to Preferments they make their Pretensions.
 ' This Set, by whose Votes poor Sir *Rab* down tumbl'd,
 ' Perhaps may find Means to have Me likewise humbl'd.
 ' Full of Virtue, forsooth! they refuse to be bought,
 ' Tho' erst, they have sold e'en their King for a Groat.

' Fill'd

' Fill'd now with the Zeal of their Chief, who but they,
 ' Come to rescue the Sovereign whom we wou'd bet---y ?
 ' As if Virtue was fled beyond *Berwick on Tweed*,
 ' I'll never encourage this *North British* Breed,
 ' Nor allow they shou'd here any Int'rest pursue ;
 ' So, as yet, we have, *H-m-lt-n*, nothing for you.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

And as to the rest of you, Gentlemen, here,
 You have nothing to hope for, or nothing to fear.
 As I see your Pretensions can hardly run higher,
 Than a Motion-of-Courseman, or that of a Cryer.

When lo ! a loud Noise !---Stand clear there---make Room
 For my Lord first Commissioner---Hoe, there ! is come. *Salwinth - Jew*
 The President, staring, look'd devlishly sick,
 As tho' the new Ministry play'd him a Trick,

And had put in Commis-~~ion~~ Great B-~~e~~-n's Grist Sed b'lll
 (Which, if they had done, they had done very well)
 But seeing 'twas one, tho' not easily wrought on,
 In Bulk and in Strength, more a Rival for Broughton
 (Yet with good useful Talents sufficiently stor'd,
 Tho' not proper, perhaps, for an Admiralty Board;
 But Talents in Courts are ne'er misapply'd)
 His Spirits recover, and Terrors subside.
 With dignify'd Port he advanc'd thro' the Hurry,
 Before wav'd his Ensigns, behind him tripp'd M^{ma}-~~y~~:
 So march'd thro' old Sherwood in Nottinghamshire,
 Robin Hood in the Front, Little John in the Rear.
 The President met him, and crouch'd like a Spaniel,
 ' Pray what is your Pleasure, quo' he, my Lord *Denise*?
 ' Be pleas'd to command, — I come to encourage
 You brave bonny SCOT, my Kinsman by Marriage;
 For th' Inquisitor's Post he's set up by the Court,
 And is ready to shew he is qualify'd for't.

Then

‘ Then you’d have it be so’—*Yes, truly, I’d fain.*
 ‘ T’ oppose what you’re bent on, I’m sure is in vain.’

Then *M^{une}* prepar’d with a fine Panegyrick
 In Praise of himself, would have spoke it like *Garrick* ;
 But the President stopping him, said, ‘ As in Truth,
 ‘ Your Worth and your Praise is in ev’ry one’s Mouth ;
 ‘ ’Tis needless to urge what’s notoriously known,
 ‘ The Office, by Merit, is your’s all must own.
 ‘ The Voice of the Publick approves of the Thing,
 ‘ Concurring with that of the Court and the K--g.’

F I N I S.

I have not had time to do so, but I will join

I oppose what you have sent on, I am sure it is vain.

K

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F I N I S H

